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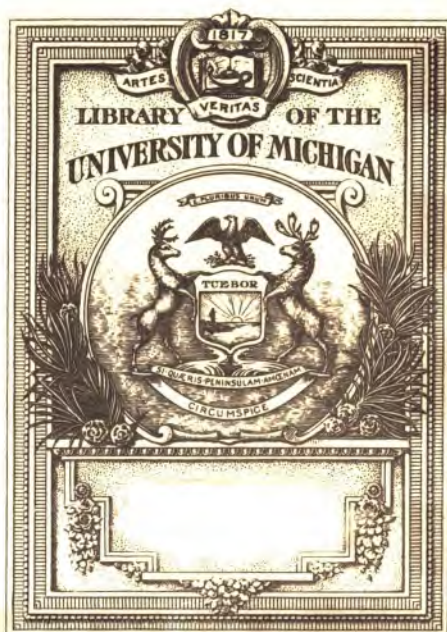
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THE SPIRIT *of* INDIANA



WILLIAM · LOWE · BRYAN



FROM THE ESTATE OF
PRESIDENT HARRY B. HUTCHINS

President & Mrs H. B. Hulch

With sincere regard.

W J Bryan.

June 1918.

THE SPIRIT OF INDIANA



The
SPIRIT of INDIANA

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES
1902-1917
AND EARLIER ADDRESSES

By WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN
President of Indiana University

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
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TO MY MOST SYMPATHETIC,
KEENLY DISCRIMINATING,
AND AUSTERELY TRUTHFUL
COUNSELOR

CHARLOTTE LOWE BRYAN

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Prefatory Note

This selection from the author's addresses includes all those made by him at the University on Commencement days since 1902. In some cases only a few sentences were said. In one case there remains only a stenographic report; in another case only a summary of such a report. All are included, in order to make the tale for these years complete.

Five other addresses have been selected in the hope that they express in one or another way some part of The Spirit of Indiana.

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PATRIOTISM FOR INDIANA

PATRIOTISM FOR INDIANA

I LIKE the patriotism of Lowell. He did not brag. He did not overlook or spare the crudities and sins of his country. But he who himself stood before kings, had no base shame of his own folk. He knew their underlying greatness. And whether he met the contemptuous condescension of foreigners, or the shameful condescension of his countrymen to foreigners, he was always exultant poet and soldier of democracy.

I like the patriotism of Riley for his State. He does not brag. He sees all the homeliness of Indiana as it is. But he has no shame of it. If he were capable of wrath, all his wrath would fall upon the recreant son of Indiana who feels a disgraceful shame of his own people. Riley looks through the homely surfaces of Indiana to its heart. He sees richly there what all men hold precious. He loves that. He sings that. He makes wise men and simple realize that. Riley does in his way for In-

diana what Burns did in his way for Scotland, and what David did in another way for Jerusalem,—with songs which inspired the indestructible patriotism of the Scot and the Jew.

I covet such a patriotism for our University. No bragging. No pretense that anything is better than it is. No easy-going tolerance of what should not be tolerated. But also ability to see the greatness before our eyes even when it is here at home. Owen Wister is angry with American critics who can never see that an American writer is great until foreign critics send back word that they may. I am angry with those who cannot see the greatness of a man at Indiana until he has been called to Harvard.

I am for those who see our University as it is with all its wrinkles and scars, and who therefore also know it at its best—its resolute integrity, its unworded oath of allegiance to the whole truth, its century of pathmaking for the children of the wilderness toward the fullness of civilized life, its passion for a clean and just democracy. I am for those who see through all the sur-

faces of our University to its heart of gold,
and who then stand for it as one stands for
his mother. Her garments are plain. Her
face is beaten with the storms of near a
hundred years. But she has sons and
daughters who exult in such a mother. And
far across the world I hear them sing—

If I forget thee,
Let my right hand forget her cunning.
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES

EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY*

Annual Commencement, June 18, 1902

IT is impossible for me in this moment to say what this occasion demands. I shall only undertake to express one thought that lies in the forefront of my mind, by telling two stories.

Last summer on the coast of Jersey I met a very pleasant English family. The mother of the household questioned me about our American institutions, and especially about our western educational institutions. I tried to tell her in a few words what our people are trying to do for their children in the common schools, high schools, colleges, and universities.

She cut my story short. She said, "I don't believe in that. Where are we going to get our servants?" I was silenced, for she was a lady and I could not express to her the wonder and anger that filled me. In that moment I knew as never before how completely I am a democrat. Jesus said, "I am come that ye might have life and

*Stenographer's report of extempore address.

that ye might have it more abundantly." But this good woman, reflecting the feeling of her social environment, would say that the light is only for the few who are on the tops of the mountains, and that the many who are in the valleys must continue to sit in darkness.

The other story is this: When I was a freshman, I went out into the farthest backwoods to find a school. I would not cast the least reflection upon that life, though, judged by the ordinary standards, the conditions were as poor and bare as one could find anywhere in the country. But out of this same school district where I was an unsuccessful candidate, there came a boy to be a student in Indiana University. He worked his way through, teaching school one year and attending school the next.

Some time after his graduation he went abroad to study for two years. He returned to a professorship in a neighboring institution. Later he was called to one of the great universities of the far west. Still later he was invited to become the associate of one of the leading scientists of the coun-

try. And when two years ago he died an untimely death in Boston, he was well on the way to the position where he could render to society the full measure of service which was potential in the backwoods boy.

That is democracy. It is all very fine to *say* that men are free and equal and have a like right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But if vast numbers of the children of the people are left without real opportunity to make the most of themselves, such a saying is a mockery.

Real democracy means that society at its best comes to the children of all the people and sets lessons for them, makes paths for them to all the occupations which history has proved good.

This is the ideal of Indiana University, the ideal of those who have for three-quarters of a century labored within its walls, the ideals of those who have stood without the walls to defend the institution against extinction. It is the ideal of the man whom we this day lose [Dr. Joseph Swain].

I speak with careful sincerity, with complete conviction, when I say that through

these nine years he has labored with wholehearted devotion and with a will which is as rare as genius, to make Indiana University serve the State in this high sense.

These men have carried the University from success to success, and the reason they could do this, not the only reason, but the reason underlying all others, is that their ideal is essential democracy.

The world is not saved by a few good people. It is saved by the good in people—in all the people. The cause we stand for is already victorious because it is rooted in the heart of our democracy.

Our motto is *Lux et Veritas*. We might translate it by the saying of Jesus. We are come, we who represent the University, we who support the University, we are come to all the folk that they might have light and that they might have it more abundantly.

ENVIRONMENT AND FREEDOM*

Annual Commencement, June 24, 1903

I WISH to emphasize in your minds the fact that you are free to choose the environment to which you will adapt yourselves. To some environment you must be adapted. There is no escape from that. But you, more than any other sort of living being, can escape from a bad environment into a better. You are not an oyster attached to the ground. You are not a savage confined for life to one island. You have before you the map of the world. Where others have gone you may go,—out of the swamps up to the heights. Still better, you have before you all the ranges of the history of civilization. You may overview all these and choose your occupation, your leaders, your ideals, and so in a large measure the self that you shall be. I say then: Defy the mean physical and social environment which threatens to imprison you and choose a better. Choose in free-

*Summary from stenographer's report of extempore address.

dom. Choose heroically. Choose as purely and bravely as you choose the one whom you will marry. Choose some clean and noble region in the kingdom of civilization and when you have lived there for a score of years you will be of right a citizen of that kingdom.

TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS

Annual Commencement, June 22, 1904

THE other day on the train as we slowed up at the White River bridge, a student beside me suddenly pointed out of the window, and said, "There is a burglar. He is an outlaw. He is a dangerous man. He is from our town. He has broken jail and there is a reward for his capture."

Within five minutes the student had sent back from the next station a telegram to the police. That night the fugitive was taken, and already he is a convict in the penitentiary.

Poor miserable foolish boy! How could he think it possible with only his little bit of stupid animal force, to prevail against the vast and subtle power of the law? Why could he not see from the beginning that every petty criminal success was hurrying him to the bridge there, where the wires over his head would be telling the secret of his hiding-place, so that society could lay its hand upon him and put him out of sight?

And yet the folly of this boy is the folly of us all. None of us will likely ever stand outside a forbidden window deciding whether or not to become a thief. But essentially the same temptation, the same tempter, the same crisis we must meet.

We must stand as Esau stood before the mess of pottage whose price is our birth-right. We must stand as Macbeth stood before the witches who promised him the crown of Scotland in exchange for his soul. We must stand as Jesus stood in the wilderness before Satan who offers all the kingdoms of the world if we will fall down and worship him.

What shall we do on that day? Shall we take the pottage and pay its price? Shall we listen to the witches until we learn as Macbeth learned at the last desperate moment that they are "juggling fiends who palter with us in a double sense, who keep the promise to our ears and break it to our hopes"?

The greatest miracle of Jesus was his refusal to accept anything from Satan. The supreme faith of Jesus was that the truth

TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS 27

is the strongest thing in the world. The supreme word of Jesus was that which he spoke to Pilate and that which he speaks to every one of us, "Thou couldst have no power at all except it be given thee from above."

ON CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF LAWS UPON
JOHN W. FOSTER, '55*

Annual Commencement, June 21, 1905

JOHN WATSON FOSTER, native of Indiana; graduate of her State University; a leader in her political life before you entered upon your larger career in national and international affairs; the director of American policies from the office of Secretary of State; peace-maker between the two greatest oriental nations, and the friend of humanity and of peace throughout the world, you come back to your alma mater after fifty years. It is a fitting thing that after twenty years, during which this University has given no honorary degree,

*John W. Foster (1836-1917) was born in Pike County, Ind., and was graduated from Indiana University in 1855. He was colonel of the 25th, 65th, and 136th Indiana Volunteers, 1861-1864; minister to Mexico, 1873-1880; minister to Russia, 1880-1881; minister to Spain, 1883-1885; special plenipotentiary to negotiate reciprocity treaties with Brazil, Spain, Germany, British West Indies, etc., 1891; Secretary of State of the United States, 1892-1893; agent of the United States in the Bering Sea arbitration, at Paris, 1893; official adviser of China in the Chinese-Japanese peace negotiations, 1895; ambassador on special mission from the United States to Great Britain and Russia, 1897; member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission on Canadian matters, 1898-1899; agent of the United States on Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, London, 1903; representative of China to the second Hague Conference, 1907. Mr. Foster received the LL.D. degree from Princeton, Wabash College, Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, and Indiana University.

THE SPIRIT OF INDIANA

should depart from this usage in your
10r.

Now, therefore, in the name and by the
authority of the Faculty and Board of
Trustees of Indiana University, I confer
on you the degree Doctor of Laws, with
the rights and privileges thereto apper-

HE KNEW WHAT WAS IN MAN*

Annual Commencement, June 20, 1906

I WISH to preach a short sermon on the text, "He knew what was in man." In all that you have learned within or without the schools there is nothing more important than what you know or believe you know about human nature. You have been told many conflicting things. You have been told that men on the whole are very good, that they are friendly, generous, trustworthy, and that the joy of life lies in friendship and in coöperation with your fellows. You have been told that where men do fall short of what they should be, they are teachable, that they can be reached and touched and changed and made right and that the highest and happiest life-work is in some way to make men better and then to live and die compassed about by their gratitude.

On the other hand, you have heard an

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entirely different story. You have heard from many high sources that life is essentially tragic, that under all the shows of civilization and religion, life is war, as relentless as ever it was in the jungle, and that the hope of making society really better is forever an illusion.

The honorable Brutus, it is said, the noblest Roman of them all, is never able to regenerate Rome. He comes at last to his Philippi and is slain by the corrupt society which he has sought to save.

The generous Timon, they say, who lavishes his wealth on those about him, always finds himself forsaken in his adversity and can only turn upon mankind with rage and curses. Prince Hamlet, we are told, finds always that the state of Denmark is rotten and can only say, "How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world." To take a biblical illustration, —according to this tragic view of life, Moses, the nation-maker, who leads the people out of Egypt through the desert, toward the Holy Land, is always stricken with despair, not by his enemies, but by

the perversity and treachery of his own people, and from the middle of the wilderness pleads with God for death as a release from his intolerable burden.

Now, in hearing and weighing these and other conflicting views as to what the truth is about human nature, it is surely worth while to hear and to weigh the view of Him of whom it was said, "He knew what was in man."

What did He see in us? For one thing He saw the evil. No man-hater ever saw it blacker. He knew that there is in man lust and murder and treachery and a covering of hypocrisy. He knew no philosophy with which to take these things lightly. They were to Him infinitely more dreadful than the lash or the crown of thorns. The worst of them was disloyalty—the disloyalty of His friends. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." He wept over Jerusalem and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chick-

ens under her wings, and ye would not!" He was betrayed by one of the twelve for money. On the last night they all forsook Him and fled. And one of them that night three times denied that he knew his Master.

If ever a man was justified in turning with tragic hopelessness away from the human race, it was Jesus of Nazareth.

Why did He not give us up? The answer is, because He knew what was in man. Because underneath the man of lust and murder and treachery, He saw another man who cannot be given up. He knew the passion of the Prodigal, the passion which led him from his father's house into every iniquity; but He also knew that in the Prodigal there was a deeper passion, which, if awakened, would lead him from among the swine back to the life where he belonged. He knew the disloyal cowardice of Peter, but He knew that below that there was a Peter who would stand like a rock in a storm. He looked out from His cross upon a jeering multitude, symbol of the vaster multitude who forever jeer and crucify the good, and there He performed His supreme miracle. He believed

in them. He saw what was in them. He saw through the darkness and through the whirlwind of evil passion the real multitude, whose deepest law, whose deepest necessity is that they shall be loyal to each other and to their Father in Heaven.

My children, believe this man. Life is tragic as He saw, as you will know. You may fight as the tigers do until your turn comes to perish. You may curse with Timon. You may despair with Hamlet. Or, with Jesus of Nazareth, you may find your way to the inner city where there are neither curses, nor despair, nor war, but instead of these an unconquerable courage in every circumstance and for every task which can come to you before the going down of the sun.

THE SONS OF MARY AND THE SONS OF MARTHA

Annual Commencement, June 19, 1907

MR. KIPLING has lately written a poem entitled "The Sons of Martha." The allusion is to the Bible story which tells how Martha, who was cumbered with much serving, while Mary sat at Jesus' feet, came to Jesus and said, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." Whereupon Jesus answered and said, "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things. But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Mr. Kipling has taken the part of Martha and her kind—of that great company, who, he says—

. . . must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without
end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet
and cushion the shock;

It is their care that the gear engages; it is their
care that the switches lock.

They finger Death at their glove's end when they
piece and repiece the living wires.

He rears against the gates they tend; they feed
him hungry behind their fires.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from
these till death is relief afar,—

They are concerned with matters hidden; under
the earth line their altars are.

Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a
path more fair or flat,—

Lo! it is black already with blood some Sons of
Martha spilled for that.

Meanwhile, he says, the Sons of Mary

. . . sit at the feet, and they hear The Word—
they know how truly the Promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons.

My friends, the matter of these lines
deeply concerns you. For in truth most of
you are the Children of Martha. You are
to be cumbered with much serving. You
are to bear the burden and heat of the days.
You are to be weary with the work which
you have chosen, and intolerably weary
with the drudgery which you have not
chosen. You are to enter fine fields of en-
terprise and to see yourselves grow quickly

old with only a little accomplished. You are to begin in the freedom of youth and you are to end each in his own prison of habits. You are to face society bearing its ancient hereditary burden of tasks, of iniquities, of sorrows, and to find presently that something of all this has been laid upon you. This, as Kipling sees, is the bitter portion of the Children of Martha.

Nevertheless, you can bear all this with patience, with courage, even with deepening happiness—on one condition. On one condition not found in Kipling's pagan psalm of labor, you can meet life at its hardest without inner defeat. This one condition of life for the Sons of Martha is some share in the vision of the Sons of Mary.

It is, I think, a most certain fact of history that men have not lived by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

The magic words of the Sons of Mary in every generation have done as much to keep our race from perishing as the bread which it has eaten.

There is corn every year upon the banks

of Deer Creek, but none so precious as the song that grew there one day.

The Spartans had no poet. They borrowed one. And they believed that they won battles partly with their spears and partly with the songs of the crippled Tyrtæus.

Moses led the Israelites forty years through the wilderness. He fed them with manna from day to day. But he gave them the law. And the plain fact of history is that their faith in the law has made the Israelites a nation which forty centuries have not been able to destroy.

The Woman of Samaria drew water from the city well for the day's need. But by that well Jesus spoke words which go home to the deepest thirst of man, the thirst for a life in which he can believe with all his heart.

And so I say to you, O Children of Martha, you must do the work; you were made for that. You must meet danger; it takes risks to make a man. But alas, if you must do these things with a silent and darkening heart! It need not be so. You can meet

THE SONS OF MARY AND MARTHA 41

life singing—as the best men and the great races have always done—songs of cheer, songs of courage, songs of indestructible hope, the songs of the useless Sons of Mary.

ON CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF LAWS UPON JAMES
WHITCOMB RILEY*

Annual Commencement, June 19, 1907

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, it has been given you to know deeply the life of a people. It has been given you to see the central truth that the language and manners and faiths of a people are of essential value and dignity. There has fallen upon you the gift of tongues, so that men from afar, the wise and the simple, hear and understand you. Above all, your own people understand you. The old farmer at the close of his long battle with the wilderness sees the land glorified about him by your song. The little children hear you and confer upon you an honor higher than any academic dignity when they gather with joy about your feet. Now, therefore, the University of Indiana, which is also the child of the peo-

*James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1916) was born at Greenfield, Ind. He began contributing poems to Indiana papers in 1873, and has long been known as "the Hoosier Poet." His first book appeared under the pen-name "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone." He was the recipient of the following honorary degrees: A. M., Yale University, 1902; Litt.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1904; and LL.D., Indiana University, 1907.

THE COMING OF THE UNIVERSITY

Annual Commencement, June 24, 1908

THE American university began as a college. A college in America means a school giving four years of academic work following the high school. Of these four years' work, the first two are for the most part high school work, and the last two the beginnings of university work. Under the best conditions, however, the four years of college life come to a boy not sharply divided, but as one fine, many-sided experience in which he is changed from a boy into a man.

We have in America many colleges, better and worse, which undertake to do nothing but to provide these four years of work and of experience. We have also many universities, in fact or in name, which undertake many things beyond the college, but in all cases the universities provide at least the historic four years' college course.

There are those who think that the greater universities will presently be forced to

drop the first two years of college, because, it is said, when the freshmen and sophomores come to be numbered by thousands, they cannot be taken care of properly at one place. However this may prove to be, no American university has up to this time dropped its college. Instead of that, the universities have addressed themselves to the task of taking care of the freshmen and sophomores better than they were taken care of forty years ago. This is by no means an impossible undertaking. A university has as the first condition of its greatness, not its great plant of buildings, apparatus, and books, but a faculty of quality, senior men of known position in the academic world, and junior men who tread fast upon the heels of their elders. Where there is such a faculty, a due share of its strength can be brought into the service of the underclassmen. The senior men can plan and direct the elementary work and can give a considerable part of it in person. It can be arranged that every underclassman in each of his subjects, besides hearing lectures given to a large group, and besides reciting

with a small group, may regularly meet his teachers for personal conferences about his work. Where the universities have carried out these and such plans most successfully, the conditions surrounding the underclassmen are very good indeed. The university is there in its power and dignity, towering out of his sight, and it is also there by his side in a friendly fashion, pointing the way up. Under such conditions the freshman profits richly by his life in a college which is part of a university.

I have said that the American university began as a college. It did not, however, and it could not, remain a college.

What society needs from the university is complete enlightenment.

Some parts of that need are more apparent than others. Men generally now know that this rich nation must turn to the universities for help against future bankruptcy and famine. The President and the congress of governors have realized that the end of our chief natural resources is in sight. The coal, the wood, the oil, the iron, the soil—all are fast disappearing, to leave

us presently a nation of possibly two hundred million people without adequate means of life. In this situation the people are dependent upon the scholar. The scholar cannot solve the whole problem, for he cannot make us economical, or honest, or considerate of our children's children. The scholar cannot make a congressman vote to protect the remnants of our forests against the lumber thieves. But in the presence of the old-fashioned problem of how our people are to make their living in the next hundred years the scholar alone can tell us what we *ought* to do—how best to economize and utilize what we have left, and beyond that how to secure new resources hitherto hidden from sight and knowledge.

In a similar way we know that society must turn to the university for protection against its second great enemy—pestilence.

It is a curious fact that the causes of the great plagues and the means of combating them have been discovered, most of them, within the present generation. Professor Hodge has said that the two greatest enemies of man—both of them indeed, also

sometimes his friends—are bacteria and insects. They have doubtless always been the chief rivals of men in the struggle for food, and in one way and another the chief causes of human death. But men did not know it. They had no suspicion that the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday come sometimes as a mosquito, and sometimes as a fly, and sometimes as a microscopic germ. Therefore the physicians fought the plagues bravely, with ignorant and futile remedies, and in their ignorance the people died. I remember very well when Dr. David Starr Jordan brought to us, who were students at Indiana, the first news of those researches of Tyndall, Bastian, Pasteur, and Koch, which laid the foundations of modern bacteriology and its kindred sciences. What those sciences have done within the short generation since that time, it is beyond my power to say. But we who are laymen can understand when we are told that Pasteur's work in the vineyards of France more than paid for the war debt of France to Germany; or when we are told that Japan's

greatest military victory was not against the Russians, but against preventable disease in its own army; or when the city of New Orleans shows us for the first time in history a plague stopped in mid-career—stopped and stamped out by the scholar. The bare truth is that the writers of the *Arabian Nights* could imagine no such miracles as the scholar in the sane daylight of today can do.

I shall not undertake to recite the list of the physical sciences which have become indispensable to the material life and well-being of the people. I hasten on to say that other departments of the university have become no less a social necessity. In history, economics, and jurisprudence the universities possess an increasing body of knowledge which the modern state cannot do without. In political affairs, doubtless, the statesman's first need is for good sense, rather than for learning. But in presence of the labor question, the race question, the colonial question, the banking question, the insurance question, the question of Federal and State relations, the question of interna-

tional peace, and the maintenance of the navy,—in this thicket of economic and political perplexities, the man of good sense does not expect to stumble upon sane lines of action in ignorance and by miracle. His first act of good sense is to call into council men who know—men who can bring him a consensus of facts and conclusions from the scholars in that field. He unites the resources of the university and the State to discover the solid body of facts upon which the procedure of the State may safely rest. I am not saying that these things should be done. I am happy to say that they are done. The government sends Welch to San Francisco against the bubonic plague. It sends Jordan to the Bering Sea on behalf of the seals. It calls Burr, a professor in history, to counsel in the case of Venezuela. And it sends White, another professor in history, to the Hague Conference.

But society demands still far more of the university. It demands satisfaction not only for its primary hungers and necessities, but also for that other hunger to which we give the name of curiosity. Men want to know.

"In the beginning," says Xenophanes—and this may be taken as a text from the bible of the ancient Greeks—"in the beginning the gods did not at all reveal all things clearly to mortals, but by searching in the course of time men find them out better." Men want to know. They want to know the history of everything, and the constitution of everything. The scholars are willing to work with endless patience, with endless zest, at every conceivable scientific task,—at deciphering inscriptions from graves that are older than the myth of Romulus and Remus—at the secular change of the Greek grammar through two thousand years of time—at the geometry of space, which cannot be imagined in terms of the space in which we live—at a heap of fossil shells from Kansas—at the psychology of a rat—at the eyes of a blind fish. It is no wonder that laymen, even such great ones as Aristophanes and Swift, should deride these occupations. The wonder is that the hard-headed twentieth century does *not* deride them but accepts them, pays for them, rejoices in them, and that for a very good

reason. The reason is that these far-away studies do not remain far away. They fall together, and often in simple ways. They answer for us questions as old and as deep as human curiosity. They sponge out our myths, and give us instead a view of things more wonderful than any myth, which stands fast in the daylight. They give us sight of the world, and of life, and of humanity, in process of creation, and they teach us how to see these always more deeply and more truly.

In a word, our hard-headed democratic people, with a strong initial distrust of the expert, have at last discovered that in their material and in their political life they require the scholar. As it is with the scholar in the university, so it is with the man of letters, and so it is with the philosopher. These men require no compassion in their monastic isolation. They are the real masters of society. The weazened old philosopher, never in his life twenty miles from the University of Königsberg, whose books not a hundred of his contemporaries could comprehend — Im-

manuel Kant—has influenced Europe as profoundly as Napoleon did. The greatest scholar, the most remote from affairs, the most obscure, the most impractical, is again and again, in fact, the lawgiver for following generations.

And now I ask the question: In how far has Indiana established here a university which gives the full enlightenment which our society requires? Let me try to answer this question as nearly as possible with the exact truth.

First, we have the old college which was once the whole and still is the largest part of the institution. Second, we have at last, after the labor and peril of years, rounded out the circle of professional faculties which belong to the historic university, lacking the school of theology. Third, we have the graduate school, which represents every part of the university on its highest level.

When I consider our past, decade by decade, when I consider our present estate as we who are on the inside know it, when I consider the institution which we now have a clear chance to build within the next

generation, when I consider how in this Faculty, in this day of shifting faiths, learning and conscience clasp hands,—I scarce dare speak my mind, just as one halts before speaking of his mother or of his children.

Nevertheless, the adequate University of Indiana is not here. The sufficient proof of this is that year after year we lose our men. Mr. James J. Hill says that the worst waste of our natural resources is the washing down into the sea every year of billions of tons of irreplaceable soil. Indiana is guilty of a greater folly. There is nothing so irreplaceable as a man. Yet for twenty years we have let them go to all the great universities of this country, and we stand shivering to see who will go next. In contrast, consider not Germany, not Massachusetts, but our neighbor State of Wisconsin. Their university began a third of a century later than ours. It is a coincidence that one of their early presidents was also one of ours. The State of Wisconsin has never been so populous nor so rich as the State of Indiana. But the people of that State have had a different idea of what is good for

them. They refuse to let a good man go from their university. They pay the price in terms of salary, books, equipment, leisure, whatever is necessary to keep the man and make him do his work there. The result is that in their small northwestern city they have a faculty of distinguished quality. Some of these men have brought more wealth to Wisconsin than the university has cost in fifty years. Others have been called upon to render no less direct and important service to the State in the field of public affairs. And still others have brought the intangible gifts from the liberal arts, which are in the long run the most precious of all. In a word, Wisconsin has made her university a center of national enlightenment. Michigan has done the same. Missouri is determined to do the same. Illinois, which was toward the rear, last year gave \$50,000 for the establishment of a graduate school. In all these States about us the day of the university has come. Has that day come to Indiana? Is Indiana ready to make the one essential radical change of policy, without which all other policies are futile? Is

Indiana ready to say that when we find a *man* we will keep him and not let him go except by death?

This is my question. This is my appeal. Stop the year-long procession of men who go from us to make the glory and strength of other States. Save us our men—men of learning, practical men, impractical men, men of affairs, men of vision—and then at last the University of Indiana will be here. Then the University will bring to the State in full measure the light and the truth, and have full right to wear its motto—*Lux et Veritas*.

FORGETTING

Annual Commencement, June 23, 1909

But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.
Philippians, iii, 13-14.

I. *"Forgetting those things which are behind."*

MERCIER says that one of the surest marks of superiority is power to forget. Some of you may on that score immediately claim superiority, since, perhaps, most of what you have learned in fifteen or twenty years' schooling is already gone, and most of the rest ready to go. But Mercier, who was a distinguished student and physician of the mind, spoke seriously. In point of fact, all things that grow come up by a process which is exactly like forgetting. The higher species has come up by dropping, all along the way, characters once necessary, and then necessary to be dropped. Your own body has come up—very swiftly in the embryonic period, and then more slowly in infancy and youth—dropping characters that belong to the past.

Human society has come up a little way out of savagery, leaving behind a trail of beliefs and customs whose end is to be forgotten. This is the kind of thing Mercier meant when he said that the superior mind has unusual power to forget.

The truth is, we are all full of things that a civilized man is better without. Let me give three illustrations.

Almost every one of you begins his life occupation with some habits of work which are slow, ineffective, and wasteful. You have mental habits analogous to the child trick of counting upon your fingers, instead of using the far swifter tables of the arithmetic. You have habits analogous to digging out sentences with a dictionary and grammar, instead of having gained free power to read. You have habits such as letting part of your mind wander at play, while the rest is pretending to work. You have habits such as working with the hurry and bustle of ants, without foresight, without plan. If you have such habits of work as these and try to go through life with them, you can never be a master workman.

You may labor and sweat, but your years of effort will leave you an ineffective drudge. I counsel you to take stock of your bad habits of work, and be rid of them.

Second, I counsel you to seek wisdom in the matter of changing your ideas. Truth is eternal, but the eternal truth is never wholly in any statement, or theory, or creed of men. Whenever men think to hold the complete and eternal truth safe and fast, in any theory, or creed, or institution, it is (as Royce suggests) as when Christ was sealed and guarded in a tomb. The tomb is broken and a voice comes, saying, "He is not here; He is risen." There is no more fundamental wisdom than to know how to turn with hope from the grave from which the truth has broken.

Third, you are full of instincts which you should let fall asleep. You are crowded with instincts which come from far-off ancestors. Those instincts rose from necessity. They had, perhaps, their day of use. Many of them are still necessary. Others belong to the past, and you must not wake them up. These are literally your ghosts. These are

literally your demons. These are literally the unclean spirits which can drive you to madness. It is easy to wake them up. Let them sleep as you value your life.

II. *"Reaching forth unto those things that are before."*

Now, there is a best way to forget any of these things—ideas, habits, or instincts. The way to forget is not by trying to forget. The best way to forget anything at all is to think with all your might of something else. Whenever you think with all your might of any one thing, everything else disappears, unless it can come in as part of what you are thinking about. Whenever you think of anything with all your might, your whole soul and body, heart and lungs, muscles, ideas, feelings, all obey—all work together in obedience to the dominant idea. Things useful to that idea come in. Things useless are shut out, and for the time, forgotten. And so, if you keep on thinking with all your might about anything, if for days and for years you give yourself to any idea, that idea makes you over. That idea sifts you, uses you, organizes you, and what it cannot

use it casts away into oblivion. Forgetting of every sort is a thing that takes care of itself, if only you are able to think with all your might of something else.

III. *"I press toward the mark."*

But if this is so, then far and away the most important concern for every one of us is what that something shall be. Be a money-maker for forty years. Day in and day out, waking and dreaming, work with cold intensity, like Balzac's M. Grandet, to make thousands and to save the price of a candle; and mark the result. Such a passion will kill out of you the habits and vices which are of a lower level. But also it will kill out the aspirations and possibilities of higher levels. After forty years of such a passion, you have the soul and the eyes of a rat. Turn instead to any great occupation, on its highest level. Find one of its greatest living men, and become his disciple. Get sight of his great idea. Get a sense of the man at his best. See how he works, how he makes his time and energy count. Above all things, see what the man at his best is

trying to do. Fill your mind with that. Give yourself to that. And presently the great world values to which your master has pointed the way will have filled you, will have cleansed you from lower habits and ideas and instincts, and will have lifted you into the wisdom and strength of a man.

In the closing pages of the *Republic* Plato has a famous myth, which tells how a certain man by the name of Er went to the other world and saw the souls of men given a chance to come back to this world and to choose the lives they should lead. And there came a prophet, who said:

Hear the word of Lachesis, daughter of Necessity: Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality! Let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life that he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honors her he will have more or less of her. The responsibility is with the loser. God is justified!

And then Er saw the multitude come forward and choose their new lives. The first man chose instantly the life of a king, only to see after he had chosen, that the life he had chosen was fated to end in misery, and that he would devour his own children. So

the people crowded up, each choosing a life—some choosing wisely, some choosing foolishly, and then at once blaming the gods, or chance, for their miserable fate.

My children, I stand today where Er stood, and I see you coming up to the knees of Lachesis to choose your lives. And I repeat to you the word of the prophet: "The life that you *choose* shall be your destiny."

ON CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF LAWS UPON DAVID
STARR JORDAN*

Annual Commencement, June 23, 1909

THE Indiana University discontinued the granting of honorary degrees for twenty years. Within the past four years the degree of Doctor of Laws has been granted here twice—once to John W. Foster and once to James Whitcomb Riley. The University judged that these men met two conditions: first, that they were men of high distinction; and second, that there was a particular reason why the degree should be conferred upon them by this institution. For the third time the University invites a man to accept this academic dignity.

*David Starr Jordan was born at Gainesville, N. Y., in 1851. He received the M.S. degree from Cornell University in 1872, the M.D. from the Indiana Medical College in 1875, and the Ph.D. from Butler University in 1878. He was instructor in botany at Cornell University, 1871-1872; professor of biology in Lombard University (Galesburg, Ill.), 1872-1873; instructor in botany in the Anderson School of Natural History (Penikese), 1873-1874; instructor in botany in the Harvard Summer School of Geology (Cumberland Gap), 1875; teacher of science in the Indianapolis High School, 1874-1875; professor of biology in Butler University, 1875-1879; professor of zoölogy in Indiana University, 1879-1885; president, 1885-1891; president of Leland Stanford Junior University, 1891-1913; chancellor, 1913-1916; chancellor emeritus from 1916. Dr. Jordan served as assistant to the United States Fish Commission, 1877-1891, and has been United States Commissioner in charge of fur seal investigations. He has received the LL.D. degree from Cornell University, Johns Hopkins, Illinois College, and Indiana University.

David Starr Jordan, you have fulfilled the first condition by your eminence in science, by your service as a teacher, of which the best evidence is the number and quality of your disciples, by your place among the men who administer American universities, and, not least, by the courage, unsurpassed by your Puritan ancestors, with which you have stood for the truth, not of yesterday, but of today. You have fulfilled the second condition because for a dozen of your best years you gave this service to America as a member of Indiana University. I have, therefore, great satisfaction in admitting you to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

COMMON SENSE AND BEYOND*

Annual Commencement, June 22, 1910

WE MUST all live in the world of common sense, with its familiar things, tasks, and ways of doing. The laws of that world are harsh and are enforced by penalties, such as failure, hunger, misery, and death. The best thing which the world of common sense does is to make us work at sensible tasks. This is the best safeguard against insanity, and the best means of developing practical judgment and efficiency. The worst thing which the world of common sense does is to make us blind—is to make us believe that there is nothing beyond itself, nothing but superstitions, speculations, theories, dreams.

Physical science has done much to correct this false belief. When, in the fall of 1752, Franklin sent a kite up into a thunder-gust in order to catch lightning in a bottle, his kite went clear and clean out of the world of common sense into another world of

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which common sense by itself knows nothing at all. The lower end of that kite-string was held by the man who wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*. He wrote of thrift: "An empty bag cannot stand alone." "Diligence is the mother of good luck." He wrote of prudence: "An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow." He wrote of pretended wit and learning: "The most exquisite folly is made of wisdom spun too fine." "There are many witty men whose brains cannot fill their bellies." It was this supreme genius of common sense who went out in a rising storm to find a new world, not like Columbus with ships, but with a kite and a bottle. And he found it. He and others of his kind found a world incalculably more vast and rich than the America of Columbus. They found the world of force, within whose infinite ranges our world of common sense floats like a bubble. It is the special business of science to send up kites of every sort in every direction. A university is a station for the flying of kites. The fire that comes back along their strings we must have. It bakes our bread. And the same

fire, blazing high, lights up for us the immeasurable world of force invisible to common sense.

Exactly the same connection exists between common sense in its application to the conduct of life and the higher spiritual laws by which we are begirt. The everyday rules of thumb for the conduct of life are essential. They teach us, as children, the first necessary lessons of obedience. They teach us common ideals and ways of doing so that we can live together in families and as neighbors and citizens. To paraphrase St. Paul, common sense is our schoolmaster to bring us to the truth. But common sense never teaches us the whole truth. It does a man fatal harm to believe that it can. It does a man fatal harm to believe that he can choose for himself a little world with little purposes, little standards of success, and little rules of cunning, and there can shut himself in safe from the living God.

There has lately appeared the biography of a man who thought he could do this, though, like many of his kind, he believed in a sort of absentee God who might make

trouble after death and who might be appeased by the founding of a theological seminary. Fifty years ago this man was one of the richest in America. Like Rousseau, Benvenuto Cellini, and others, he wrote with naked frankness the inside facts of his life. He wanted one thing—money. He believed really in nothing else. What would bring money was practical and good. Whatever stood in the way must be brushed aside. He brushed aside considerations of friendship and loyalty. Again and again he tells of betraying and ruining his own partners. "Business is business," he said. He tells of organizing the farmers of Putnam County, New York, into a protective league against Vanderbilt's Hudson River steamboat monopoly, and then selling out the farmers to Vanderbilt. "The dog that snaps quickest gets the bone," he said. He tells of arranging to get his partners into his debt so as to have them in his power. "You own your debtor," he says, "body and breeches. You are the cat; he is the mouse." He brushed aside considerations of patriotism. "Such far-off things as wars in Mex-

ico, Missouri Compromises, slave wars in Kansas, could not be allowed to come in and take my thoughts away from business." Again, "I saw very quickly that the War of the Rebellion was going to be a money-maker for me." "It's good fishing in troubled waters." He tells of corrupting officials of the government in the interest of stock manipulations, but adds, "We didn't dare to make offers of the kind to Old Abe. Lincoln was an impractical man as far as money went. All he thought of was saving the Union." Finally, he brushed aside considerations of loyalty to his family. In his last days his greed for money on any terms so possessed him that he proved an unsafe trustee of the estates of his grandchildren, and he was dismissed from his trusteeship by the court. By an accident of fortune which does not always happen, the millionaire lost all his money and died in poverty and solitude.

His philosophy of life is expressed in a paragraph by Balzac: "The more cold-blooded your purpose," says a worldly countess to her young relative, "the surer

you will be of success. Strike without pity, and the world will fear you. Treat men and women as post-horses. Ride them and leave them foundered at each relay, if you would attain the goal of your desires."

From this terrible picture turn to the President whom the millionaire called impractical. In truth, Lincoln was the very genius of practical sense. No other man of his century knew so well as he the range of forces by which men are actually moved. He knew, among other things, the powers of money. He knew that there must be soldiers and cannon and mules and corn and bacon and money to pay for all. He knew that the Union must be saved by good financing as well as by hard fighting. He knew thoroughly well that the world of money has laws from which neither men nor nations can escape. Lincoln was asked once how long a man's legs should be. He replied, "A man's legs should be long enough to reach the ground." His feet were planted on the ground as solidly as Franklin's. But, like Franklin, in the extremity of need he stretched forth his hand to the impracti-

cal heavens. And there he found forces mightier than lightning. If you ask where in literal fact he found the spiritual forces which saved the Union, I cannot tell, except in part. I know in part. It came from millions of common men, such as you and I, who a little while before had been all worldly prudence and cowardice and compromise. And then, somehow, in millions of common men, such as you and I, something burst up from within which burned up their prudence and their fear, and sent them marching on death in the service of the Spirit.

Dante believed that there are above the earth many heavens, one circling above another. This is to us a myth. In substance it is the truth.

There is what Dante might have called a heaven of physical force, invisible to common sense, slowly revealed through men of science, still largely unknown. But we know its reality because every day and more and more we make it do our work.

There is a heaven of art. It seems quite unreal—nothing but play, romance, song, dreams. But in truth these have proved

their reality in the works and battles of men as surely as any force which engineers can measure. Every great work begins in dream and rises in song, and often when the work perishes the dream and the song survive.

Finally, above all others, there is the heaven of charity. You may not believe in it. You may try to escape it. You may barter your one chance of life for a mean wage. You may work with might and cunning for your low desire, careless how your work affects others, and, at the worst, using men and women as post-horses to be ridden and left perishing by the way. But the hardest man is still a child of the Infinite Life. In the thick of your battle, in the moment of your meanest victory, you may be seized and shaken by the ultimate need of man—to give and receive unselfish friendship. In that moment the dollar and the bank and the factory and the whole hard, practical world turn to ashes and you are caught up before the judgment seat whose law is the terrible charity of God. In like manner you may try to found your

home life upon motives of shrewd worldly policy, or upon baser motives, and, at the worst, you may thus descend into horror and darkness. But, in truth, you and your mate are children of the Infinite Life. The hour may come when you will realize that. In that hour the voices of worldly prudence and evil passion shall be still. In the heart of your mate you shall see something infinitely sacred, something that shall smite you into unspeakable reverence. You shall stand together in your home and know that you are also standing like Dante and Beatrice at the last, in the most holy heaven.

ON RECEIVING THE SWORD OF GEN.
WALTER Q. GRESHAM*

Annual Commencement, June 21, 1911

LET all members of the University, the Undergraduates, the candidates for graduation, the alumni, the Faculty, and the Trustees who will join in receiving this memorial, stand.

Members of the University, let the receiving of this sword be no empty ceremony. Let us make it an act of piety toward our soldier alumni; toward all the soldiers of Indiana who fifty years ago stood for their ideal of justice at the peril of their lives; and especially toward the bearer of this sword, who, when he was a private citizen, and when he was judge upon the Federal bench, and when he was a counsellor to the

*Walter Q. Gresham (1833-1895) was born near Lanesville, Harrison County, Ind. He attended Indiana University in 1852, and after studying law at Corydon, Ind., was admitted to the bar in 1854. He was a member of the Indiana General Assembly, 1860-1861. He served throughout the Civil War as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, being wounded before Atlanta in 1864. He was United States district judge for Indiana, 1869-1883; a member of President Arthur's cabinet, first as Postmaster-General and later as Secretary of the Treasury, 1883-1884; judge of the United States circuit court, 1884-1893; Secretary of State under President Cleveland, 1893-1895. Indiana University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Judge Gresham in 1883. His sword was presented to the University by his widow, Mrs. Matilda McGrain Gresham, and his son, Mr. Otto Gresham.

President, showed a courage as resolute for justice as on that day when he was struck down upon the field of battle.

Let the receiving of this sword mean also that we ourselves enlist. For the war is not done. The war for justice is never done.

One may join the traitors to the human brotherhood and in whatever occupation may live by preying upon the lives and souls of other men.

One may join the cowards seeking for himself a shameful safety as those of whom Dante wrote:

They are mingled with the abject choir of angels who were not rebellious nor were faithful to God, but were for themselves. Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair, and the deep hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them.

Let it not be so with us.

Men of Indiana, I charge you in presence of this sword to enlist for some good fight. Choose your cause. Choose the cause which your soul cannot deny without damnation. But when you have chosen, then if you would possess the joy or the value of a

man you must fight. And I charge you so to fight that in the end your children and your alma mater may have from you a memorial as unblemished as Gresham's sword.

And now, Walter Gresham, soldier, lawyer, jurist, minister of State, whom the University once received as an undergraduate and upon whom it once conferred its highest degree, we now receive from your wife and son this perpetual memorial of your life.

UNIVERSITY IDEALS

Annual Commencement, June 19, 1912

I WISH to present in a few words an ancient outline of the work of the scholar and a modern illustration of how this may be carried out.

Aristotle divided science into three parts:

First, theoretical science, which sets forth truth as it is found, without reference to any practical application; second, technical science, which is science applied to the making or manipulation of things; third, that science (for which we have no one good name) which is applied to the conduct of human affairs.

We have had accordingly in the history of learning three groups of scholars:

We have always had, and now have, in the universities a large group of men whose lives are spent in search for the truth, without the slightest reference to its practical use. An example is the professor of pure mathematics who works out a beautiful, intricate system which only a handful of his

colleagues can understand, and for which no one foresees any application in practice. It is indeed true that the abstract results obtained in this way often prove to have the most surprising practical value. The X-ray and the wireless telegraph run back in a few years, we are told, to the mathematics of Clerk Maxwell. In every department of learning we have men of this first group. They will understand the living cell. They will understand the atom. They will understand the primeval world as it can be traced in fossils. They will understand the history of men—the ruins, the myths, the languages, the wars, the politics—everything that men have touched. In sum, we have here a great silent company united by the creed that everything in the universe *can* be understood and *must* be understood to the uttermost.

The typical example of the second or technical group of scholars is the professor of engineering. This man builds a bridge from pure science to practice. He must be at home at both ends of the bridge. In the best case he is, like Lord Kelvin, a master

in the pure science upon which engineering rests and, at the same time, a teacher of engineers—to whom the so-called practical engineer must come for direction when his rules of thumb fail. Technical science (including its entire range through mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, physics, and then through a score or more of applied sciences) is the most striking new contribution of the nineteenth century to civilization, though indeed the beginnings of all these go back to Archimedes and Euclid, and I do not know how far beyond.

I pass now to the third group. The scholars of this group deal with men. A good example is the scholar in the slums. What the scholar has to do in presence of the slums is, first of all, to understand them. By all the powers which science and common sense and sympathetic wisdom can give him, he tries to see what is there. He tries to see as they are, the inhabitants of that terrible country so near to our doors, so far from rescue. He tries to know at first hand those who prey upon the slums—the dealer in white slaves, the loan shark,

the rich man who collects rent from sodden tenements, the politician who flatters and bribes and cheats and fights every effort for betterment which interferes with his gain. He tries to learn the just value of the remedies which are used—of kindly, ignorant charity, of preaching which rescues here and there a man, of screaming anarchy which would cure all with dynamite and fire. This scholar confronts a problem more intricate than the Greek grammar, and the farther he goes the more he sees that we are all bound together in guilty responsibility and that all of us suffer the fearful backlash from the slums whose existence we try to forget.

Now there is a modern state which has excelled all others in all the three parts of Aristotle's program. I mean Germany.

It is a striking fact that the greatest contributions to pure learning in the nineteenth century have not come from those English and American universities which have chastely avoided doing anything useful. The greatest contributions to pure learning in that time have not come from Oxford,

certainly not from Princeton. On the contrary, in almost every department of pure learning all the world recognizes the unrivalled leadership of the German scholar.

But German learning has not shrunk from the taint of being useful. Germany, having outstripped all other nations in its contributions to pure learning, has outstripped them still more decisively in the application of science to the useful arts. For illustration, the German manufacturer has long given up depending for his methods and processes upon traditional rules of thumb, and has profited instead by the practically infinite resources of modern chemistry. It has been said that the French were beaten at Sedan in 1870 by the German schoolmaster. It is still more true that those manufacturers of England and America who have despised the expert and relied upon what they supposed to be common sense are today beaten in the markets of the world by the German chemist.

Finally, if I am not mistaken, Germany has excelled us all in dealing with human problems such as those presented by the

slums. Germany realizes that she cannot afford to have slums. Apart from any question of humanity, as a matter of military necessity, she feels forced to convert the swarm of beggars into men who can pay war-taxes and carry a rifle for the Fatherland. Germany has not reached the millennium. There is still crime there and beggary and prostitution and a wage scale which tends to increase all these. But the Emperor at one extreme and the socialists at the other and all between are agreed upon and carry out in fact two policies.

The first is that the corrupt municipal politics, which is the chief factor in maintaining the slums in all our cities, shall be stamped out as completely as the black plague.

The second policy is to confront the whole problem with the scholar, with the man whom science and practical experience have taught what to do.

However I am not today concerned with

That program must not, I am sure, fall below what Aristotle conceived and what Germany has done. The University program must be as large as the needs of man. We require here the great scholar who is useless,—except that from time to time he brings to us a syllable of new truth. We require here great men of the second type—men in chemistry, physics, geology, medicine, and the like, whose business is not to teach freshmen,—whose business is to make science at its best in their several fields bring its most perfect service to the State. Finally, we require here great scholars of the third group, men whose learning has to do directly with the conduct of life. The hardest questions of 1912 are not questions of mechanics. They are questions of labor, of poverty, of politics, of fundamental law. They are questions about which men fight, about which Bourbon and Jacobin once fought in Paris and are fighting now in America.

The Greeks had a myth about a monster called the Sphinx, which came every year with her riddle and when no one could give

the answer she carried away and devoured a man. When at last Oedipus answered the riddle, the Sphinx disappeared in the sea.

The yellow fever was such a Sphinx, and so was diphtheria, and the bubonic plague and the other plagues, coming each with its unanswered riddle to devour the sons of men,—until at last in our day they are one after another being mastered by the scholar.

But our most dreadful Sphinx is none of these. It is Anarchy,—the Anarchy of the Jacobin and the Anarchy of the Bourbon. We cannot cure these anarchies with anger, with dynamite, or with soldiery. We require not the man who rages, but the man who comprehends. We require the social physician, as learned, as practical, as wise as his comrade, the doctor of medicine. We require the man whom science and personal experience and grace of heart have taught the actual ways by which men fall into the disease called war and the actual steps by which they ascend into the health called peace.

The University must have such men. It must stand by them. It stands by the physi-

cian who fights yellow fever in Panama. It must stand no less by the social physician who faces the iniquities and miseries of society. If the University fail of courage in this its highest duty, it may grow great and rich, but what shall it profit the University if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul!

ON CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS UPON MISS
NEBRASKA CROPSEY*

Annual Commencement, June 18, 1913

INSTEAD of a sermon, I wish to present, as my lesson for you, a person, a woman. She did not have your advantage. She did not go to college. She went to work; at a low wage; at a hard task; at teaching, which Kipling calls a belittling business because it requires incessant strenuous concern with little things and so breeds petty habits which make life a narrowing and darkening prison.

But this woman found, as few of us in any business do, the great ways of escape.

For one thing, she learned to turn at times wholly away from her daily work. She learned to leave the school with its hurly-

*Nebraska Cropsey (1846-1916) was born in Pennsylvania. She received her early education in the Indianapolis schools, where she began to teach in 1864. In 1867 she was made supervisor of primary instruction in the Indianapolis schools, and later became assistant superintendent of schools, in charge of primary grades. She resigned the latter position in 1914. She was one of the principal workers for the passage of the compulsory education law in 1897, and was a leader in educational affairs for many years. Miss Cropsey has the honor of being the only woman upon whom Indiana University ever conferred an honorary degree.

burly of methods and policies and politics and go apart into a mountain place alone, with the great philosophers, the great literature, the great words of the Spirit. She was at home there. She found there, far above the hurly-burly, wisdom to guide the children and those who serve them, and courage to fight those who prey upon them.

For a second and greater thing, she saw that the actual commonplace life with which she dealt in her daily work is commonplace only on its surface. She saw that the actual commonplace life with which she dealt day by day in the school is more wonderful than any recorded philosophy concerning it. She saw that the most homely ragged little beggar climbing up the ladder of school tasks toward what is possible for a man, is a creature of infinite interest and mystery, baffling and challenging all the powers of science, statesmanship, and religion. And she saw that her business was *not* a belittling business, because all her life she was to look deeper and deeper into the mystery of the child climbing toward all that is possible for a man.

For a third and greatest thing, she shared the audacious faith of Christ that the highest good may come to the lowliest,—must come to the lowliest, and that she must spend her life finding real ways of accomplishing this miracle in her own city. This is not a business which belittles. This is the highway to the Infinite Life.

Her obvious monument is the schools of her city, for she is chief among those who in fifty years have made those schools at their best, unexcelled. At its best, Indianapolis teaches its children to work and also to sing. There is no statesmanship beyond this—to bring up children ready to do the world's work and able also to sing.

No such life as hers can be easy. She has struggled with corrupt municipal politics, which was always in the background if not in the foreground ready to undo her work,—ready to make merchandise of her children. She has struggled with the inertias, perversities, and rebellions of those to whom her life has been dedicated. She has seen at close quarters the dreadful daily tragedy of life as it is. And yet after these years

she who has fought through the long way stands serene, unembittered, unafraid. A life such as this is greater than any sermon.

Miss Cropsey, this is the first time that the Indiana University has offered an honorary degree to a woman. I am far from proud of that fact. I am proud of the fact that the University so rarely grants its honorary degrees to anyone,—that in twenty-eight years it has chosen three—John W. Foster, David Starr Jordan, James Whitcomb Riley. The University of the State which you have served judges that you belong with those men. And we rejoice to entitle you as you are in truth—Master of Arts.

A PRAYER FOR THE CLASS OF 1914
AND FOR ALL THE MEMBERS
OF THE UNIVERSITY

Annual Commencement, June 24, 1914

SO TEACH us to number our days that
we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. As for man, his days are as the grass. As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone and the place thereof shall know it no more forever. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him and His righteousness unto children's children to such as keep His covenant and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Is not the life more than meat? What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his

own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be unto him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

LUTHER DANA WATERMAN*

Annual Commencement, June 23, 1915

I WISH to say a few words to the oldest member of our Faculty—Dr. Luther Dana Waterman, professor of medicine emeritus.

Surgeon in the Federal army, prisoner of war at Macon and Charleston, in civil life physician and professor of medicine, you have in eighty-four years won position and honors and fortune such that many would for them sacrifice everything else in the world. But I wish these my children to see that you have made your way up to a great practical success *without* sacrificing everything else in the world. You have not sac-

*Luther Dana Waterman was born at Wheeling, Va., in 1830. He attended Miami University, and was graduated from the Medical College of Ohio (Cincinnati) in 1853. In 1861 he was commissioned surgeon of the 39th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and served for more than three years. He was a Confederate prisoner at Macon and Charleston. Since his removal to Indianapolis in 1865 he has been prominent in medical affairs. He was a charter organizer of the old Indiana Medical College; was professor of anatomy, and later professor of the principles and practice of medicine; surgeon at the Indianapolis City Hospital; secretary and president of the Indiana State Medical Society. His address on "Economy and Necessity of a State Board of Health" started the State-wide movement which led to the establishment of that board. With the consolidation of various medical schools into the Indiana University School of Medicine, Dr. Waterman became emeritus professor of medicine. In 1915 he gave to Indiana University deeds to property worth \$100,000. The money is to be used to establish the Waterman Institute for Scientific Research.

rificed your interest in the worlds that lie outside your vocation of physician. Most men of every calling are caught within the trap of their own business. Not you. You have escaped that trap. You have traveled far among men and books and ideas. You are not of those who bear a title from the college of liberal arts and are yet aliens from its spirit. In the world of the liberal arts you are a citizen. You are friend with Plato and Virgil and Darwin and their kind. You know that these are not dead names in the academic catalogue, but living forces and makers of society. In that world you have spoken your own word in verses which are resolutely truthful, discriminating, and brave. The joy of living as you have done in the wide, free, and glorious world of the liberal arts is such that many for it have sacrificed everything else including that practical success which you have not sacrificed.

But besides your successes inside and beyond your calling you have had another fortune. Long ago there came to you an idea. You had lived from the days of the tallow

candle and a thousand things which went with that to the days of the electric light and a thousand things which go with that. Within your lifetime you had seen an incredible access of power, enlightenment, and freedom, from the discovery of truth of which all preceding generations had been ignorant. You had then the insight, the conviction that the great charity is the discovery of truth, which is thenceforth light and power and freedom for all men. This conviction became your deepest purpose. Thirty-two years ago you wrote:

He who would make his life a precious thing
Must nurse a kindly purpose in his soul.

These lines were your confession. There was a great secret purpose which you were cherishing. You worked for that. You saved for that. For that you had the secret joy of living sparely, austere as a soldier.

Sir, you have no son. But the scholars who work upon the foundation which you have established here shall be your sons. Far down the years when all of us are in the dust your virile sons shall be here keep-

ON CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF LAWS UPON THEO-
DORE CLEMENT STEELE

Annual Commencement, June 14, 1916

I WISH to speak of a man. But first, of the historic movement in which he appears. The American pageant, as I see it, has two movements. First is a descent. Whenever civilized men have gone far into the wilderness to live, they have at first lost some part of their civilization.

For an immediate illustration, take Indiana in the middle of the last century. Our people had the civilized mother tongue. But in 1840 fourteen per cent of the adults (38,600) could not read or write, and in 1850 twenty-two per cent of them (75,017) could not read or write. They had schools, academies, colleges,* men and women of learning and cultivation. But in 1848 forty-four per cent of our people voted against free public schools, and in this county, the seat of this University, seventy-nine and four-tenths per cent of the people voted

against free public schools. They had the law, the ancient law developed in southern and western Europe since before the Christian era, and some men learned in the law. But in 1852 our people wrote it into their constitution that a man might be a counsellor at the bar however ignorant, and they prescribed that in criminal cases a jury however ignorant should be the sole judges of the law. They were not without the elements of art. They had music. They had the pioneer melodies that Riley loved to hear the Old Band play. We are not ashamed of the melody nor of the Band. But the great music was not there. The empire of Beethoven was as far from our people generally as the empire of Genghis Khan.

The making of a home in America by Europeans since 1492 is the greatest event of modern history. But everywhere at first it involved descent.

I have an opinion as to *why* civilization goes down and down in the backwoods. It is, I think, because the circle of great vocations, the learned professions, the sciences,

the arts, the more delicate handicrafts cannot be kept up there on the highest level. There is not a living for those who follow them. The occasional genius may be there. But the circle of masters surrounded by a swarm of journeymen and apprentices is never there. The finer arts are lost. The children of the woods forget what their fathers knew. And as they forget and forget they sink toward the barbaric life.

Nevertheless in the American backwoods there were always conditions which made possible re-ascent. There was always the blood of the great races. There was always the potential capacity to do any sort of work which is possible for a man. There was always the potential hunger to resume the great occupations at their best. There was sometimes, as I have said, the genius who came up out of the woods to win world recognition and show his neighbors a glimpse of the upward way.

And so, as soon as it was possible, as soon as they had earned a little leisure, the eager children of the woods began to climb the upward ways. They began to hear from

far the voices of the great masters in every vocation. They began to glimpse from far the vision of science, the vision of art, perhaps the vision of industry not divorced from art or from religion. This is the thrilling second scene of our American Pageant, of our Indiana Pageant,—this eager throng who will relearn all that the ancient East can teach and will then cheerfully dare in every vocation new ventures of which the East dared not to dream.

I have sketched in a moment the American Pageant as I see it in order to introduce to you a man who appears therein—Theodore Steele, Painter.

He was born nearby, in Owen County.

He was educated as a painter in Munich.

He did not, like Sargent and Whistler, leave America to live in Europe.

He returned to Indiana.

He painted Franklin County.

He painted Brown County.

He painted parts of southern Indiana in every month of the year, in every kind of

weather, under a thousand different exquisite skies.

He revealed the thrilling beauty that plays over our home land every day of the year.

His art has been recognized by those who know.

He has won prizes in high competition.

He has served in three international juries for the acceptance of American paintings for exhibitions in Paris, St. Louis, and San Francisco. He has received the highest honor which can come to a painter in America—election as associate member of the National Academy of Design.

He is a figure in our great Pageant of Ascent.

He is one of those who have come up from among us to learn from the academic East and then to do fine things out of their own genius at home.

He was born in Owen County.

He was a disciple of the Masters in Munich.

to fellowship. By the direction of the Faculty and Board of Trustees of the University, I confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws.

THE FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY

Annual Commencement, June 13, 1917

THE chief function of the University, as I think, is to supplement common sense by the revelation of forces which to common sense are invisible.

I shall offer three illustrations of this view.

I. First from the field of technical science. It would be superfluous to urge the necessity of supplementing common sense by technical science in agriculture, engineering, sanitation, war, et cetera, if it were not that so many millions of our people and so many of their leaders do not believe this. Distrust of the expert is a characteristic American attitude.

The hardest problem of the agricultural college has not been to make two ears of corn grow where one grew before, but to induce farmers to adopt the better way even when they saw the double crop. A well-known New England congressman not long ago expressed to me his belief that the

United States Department of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges had done almost nothing of value. He stated that for his own part he relied for agricultural advice upon the old farmers in his neighborhood.

A few years ago a millionaire manufacturer of Chicago was making vehement attack upon the universities, including especially the schools of engineering. Young men expecting to become mechanics or manufacturers should, he said, avoid those useless or fraudulent institutions. They should instead go straight to the shops and learn under the eye of foremen who had learned in the same way.

Our people pay in taxes for the education of engineers competent to make roads as good as those of France and Germany. But as soon as we have educated the men to do this thing, they are called highbrows. We distrust their practical sense and we seldom use them as France and Germany do in the public service. We build our roads—thousands of miles, millions of dollars' worth—by what we call horse sense. Horse sense!

I think of that when I see horses pulling automobiles out of the holes in those roads before the roads have been paid for.

Many of our people distrust the expert in war. We know that a town-lot baseball nine cannot, by donning professional uniforms, win against the New York Giants, but we think that they could win against Hindenburg. Since the Great War began, I have read speeches from two men who have been candidates for the presidency of the United States in which they say in substance that we could raise an army of millions within a few months that could defend our country against any other nation in the world. When they say that they are thinking of Washington's army at Yorktown and Sherman's army at Atlanta and Grant's army at Appomattox. They are forgetting at what fearful cost those armies were developed.

Distrust of the technical expert was common in England before the Great War. A few years before the war an Englishman wrote a book with the indecorous title, *The Damned College Professor*. He meant by

that title to represent the typical English attitude toward the technical expert. He was trying to make his countrymen see that Germany was beating England in the markets of the world because German manufacturers were using common sense plus science while English manufacturers were relying upon common sense minus science. Since the war began, Lord Haldane, arguing in Parliament that England should at last take a lesson from Germany in this respect, said that there were single manufacturing plants in Germany which used more technical chemists than were to be found in the whole of England. They say it was the German schoolmaster who won at Sedan. In the same sense, it is the German chemist who threatens to conquer the world.

who lack common honesty. Whatever the reasons for that hostility, the important fact is that our people are being converted inch by inch away from it to belief in the necessity for applied science.

The war will hurry this conversion. England knows now that good old rules of thumb cannot win against German chemistry either in the wheatfield or on the battlefield. God grant that America may not have to pay a price as great as England has had to pay for delay in learning that.

The truth is we live in an ocean of force of which common sense knows a little and of which technical science knows a little more. It is the university which reveals this little more which in our day is essential in order that we may have fuel, food, health, defense—in order that we may survive. It was technical science which made the submarine. It is technical science which must destroy it.

II. Further removed from the eye of common sense is the contribution of the university through pure learning, including what President Wilson has called pure science

and pure history. I have heard lately of a government disbursing agent who inspected a research station of the United States Fish Commission, and, finding the men working on various remote biological problems, stated that he could not conscientiously sign their salary warrants unless they could show him some definite promise of more fish to fry. There is within the University a world of pure learning which makes no promise of fried fish or of any conceivable utilitarian value. The practical world looks on the men of that impractical world as Dean Swift looked on the scholars of his flying island of Laputa. Swift's description of the scholar whose life was spent in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers illustrates his scorn for all such men

knowing the truth about itself. No greater thing happens in the world than this.

Meanwhile pure learning has another defense. The study of things as unpromising as cucumbers often does in time lead to results as precious as sunbeams. For example, in the last century in England lived Clerk Maxwell, mathematician, whose writings only a handful of men could read. Much of them was as remote from the practical world as Swift's flying island. But one learns that certain of his studies in the mathematics of light and electricity led to the experimental studies of Herz, which in turn led to the studies of Roentgen, which in their turn gave us the X-rays with their incalculable practical values. What our hard-headed American must learn is that when his life is saved by help of the X-ray picture, his debt goes back one step to Roentgen, two steps to Herz, and three steps to Clerk Maxwell, master in pure mathematics. In a word, the ocean of force in which we live is one. All truth about it is potentially practical.

III. Yet further removed from the view

of common sense are the forces which exist for a long time potentially before they appear actually so that they can be seen.

I once heard an eminent scientist speak from the text, "The real things are the invisible things." He was not advocating mystical vagaries. He was speaking as a scientist about the facts of evolution. He meant for example that the acorn which you can see is not so important as the oak and the forest of oaks into which it will grow. Or for another example, that the plant life which was to be seen on the earth before the age of animals was not so important as the future world of animal and human life somehow potentially there. Or for a third example, that at any date in the history of civilization the most important thing is not society as it is then and there established but the hidden forces which are there creating a new society for the future.

For illustration consider the world of

of men held together by their lowest interests,—greed, lust, and terror. Especially by terror—terror of capricious, cruel, lustful gods whom they imagined from the capricious, cruel, and lustful kings and priests with whom they must make terms in order to live on the earth. Isaiah, the slave, saw that horrible, majestic, regnant Babylon—and did not believe in it. He believed in another world nowhere then visible. He said:

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall

arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Isaiah's vision must at that time have seemed to common sense insane. But in truth, the fortresses, temples, priests, kings, and gods which then seemed the only realities are vanished and forgotten while now millions share the hope and passion of the slave who dreamed. The real things are the invisible things.

Bergson says, "Life is a wave which mounts." Life, he says, achieved a certain success in plants, then after ages found a way into the freedom of the animals which can run and swim and fly, and then after other ages rose into men who can use tools, who can control practically infinite quantities of force in a practically infinite variety of ways—who can in some degree behold as well as share the work of creation. Life is a wave which mounts. It achieves Babylon and then destroys Babylon. It destroys one Babylon after another on the long way to a Society of Justice. The way is long.

A thousand years are as a day in the upward surge of Life. Yet in recent generations we seem to have moved fast toward the realization of Isaiah's dream. In 1776 we had the American Declaration of Independence. In 1789 we had the destruction of the French Bastille. In 1848 we had the glorious German Revolution ending in failure. In 1917 we have the end of the monstrous Russian autocracy. The next revolution will be the victory of the better part of Germany over the worse part of it, the overthrow of the last great Babylon of military autocracy. On that day the Great War will be over.

There never was a time when it was so necessary for the university to help save society by the revelation of truth. Our university must match the German university on land and in the air and under the sea; but that is not enough. The university must never surrender its mission to know the whole truth useful or useless about the universe of which we are a part; but that is not enough. The university itself can become a Babylon—rich and great, but also

in its worse part, charged with arrogance, envy, greed, sloth, and all the seven deadly sins. The university may demonstrate the law of gravitation and yet in its worse part live in insolent hostility to the deeper laws of life.

Every Babylon falls. Nothing eternally survives but the invisible City of God. Isaiah believed in that. And He believed in that who taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven."

EARLIER ADDRESSES

THE MORTAL IMMORTAL*

I WISH to ask the practical significance of two very familiar facts. One is the fact of change. The other is the fact of permanency.

Bubble and wave and leaf, crumbling planet and wasting sun, dead words and dead languages that were once alive upon the lips of men, the buried cities, the lost arts, the sciences abandoned, the religions outworn, the millionfold transformations everywhere in nature and among men, make us believe that all forms are mortal and must every one shatter and vanish.

And yet there is nothing more firmly believed by men than that something in the midst of all the change abides. What were science, if nothing be permanently true? What were skill, if there be no constant conditions for its exercise? What were religion, if there be no unperishing God?

*This youthfully colored address (1889) is included because it is the first expression of my faith that the security of truth and of society is not in their being fixed like a rock, but in their growing like living things.—W. L. B.

If you can have any rational life, if you can do any single sane act, if you are not all the fools of chaos and chance, it is because the immeasurable flux of nature rests in that which is everlasting. Of these two most familiar facts, I wish to ask the practical significance.

during. The earth under foot seems permanently solid. It promises to bear you up in the great gulf of space forever safe. And you have covered it with works which seem not less secure. Your tower of Babel and your Pyramids were built to last forever. Your Russian Tsar, your American constitution, your customs bred into the marrow of the bones, the massive civilization by which the brute earth has been overmastered—all this is to stand forever dominant. Your system of science is reckoned something absolute and changeless, so vast a structure, so firmly based, so solidly established. It looms above us like a new-world god. The university is its temple. The scholar is its consecrated priest. And the mass of men cower and comply before its dictum as once before the Pope. Your religious system is accredited with divine authority. You say it is the earth under your feet. You say it is the sky above you, the sun that gives you light, the bread that gives you life. You make its creed your law. You reckon its security your own, and you cling to its sacred forms with desperate fidelity.

But some of the things on which men rest have turned out to be *not* immortal. This solid earth is a volcano crust. Its hills are stiffened waves, and day by day with all that you have built upon them they sink into the mother flood. Your society is immortal—as a fashion. History is made of the births and deaths of systems such as these. The most enduring is only so and so much more enduring than a summer bonnet. Your textbooks are immortal—as the skin of a serpent. Ptolemy's geography is dead. Astrology and alchemy are dead. Phrenology, though unburied, is dead. And your book with which you would advise the stars and tell the north wind how to blow, has this its day of shadow royalty and its afterday of such contemptuous neglect as you give to your own outgrown masters? This is the open secret of those who are freedmen in the republic of science: that none of its formulas have any essential authority, that its best result is forever rebuked by better, that its largest truth is forever compassed by larger, that its most imperial law is forever shattered in the onflow of the everlasting truth. And

your religion,—O friend, when the great God looks out through your sacerdotal trappings they shall shrivel and fall off like a husk. "For we know in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

Toward these vanishing forms all, what should the attitude of a wise man be? To make an absolute alliance with any of them is to doom yourself to death with it. It is to prison yourself in it away from the measureless beauty and good of which it can compass only a little. It is to array yourself with a wave against the sea. It is to conspire with an angel against God. This is the sad battle. This is the heart-breaking tragedy when earnest men dash themselves to death against the everlasting power in defense of its beautiful shadow.

O, my brothers, if we were not all earth-blinded, if we could see with the help of science or poetry or religion, that all the millionfold forms of nature are shadows,—if we could see that every power and every truth and every authority in finite things is borrowed and worn for a moment, that

were the emancipation real and sufficient. The galley slave were thereby free and unfetterable. You cannot prison him with iron bars or iron customs, with petty dignities and usurped authority, with formulas of science or confessions of faith. He stands altogether and forever free under the close mastership of God.

But there is another side. What should be one's attitude toward things in view of the fact that something in them is permanent? For one answer, I beg you to look at that marvelous army of men whose business is to seek the truth. Brush away the veils of space and see them everywhere in the world this minute at watch. What are they looking at? The dictionary is too short an answer. At the sun and moon and stars and every spray of celestial mist. At the earth from skin to core, whatever of it can be set eyes on. At every living thing and every shred of its body. At every man and every work of man from the playthings of a baby to the pyramids, the constitutions, the creeds, and to science itself. Nothing is little; a grasshopper is studied as eagerly as

a comet. Nothing is insignificant; the doings of an earthworm are followed to as good purpose as the doings of an emperor. Nothing is common or unclean; swamp and spider and boil, dark age and savage continent, rude art, rough dress, uncouth speech, pseudo science and grotesque religion, master and slave, Jew, Greek, Zulu, and Hoosier—everything comes into its divine right of being looked at.

Why?

Why is it that every minute of the year, thousands of sane men are keeping eager watch as no soldier sentinel ever did, measuring, weighing, counting, garnering as no goldseeker ever did, every least thing that anywhere in the world appears? If this be not a summer madness, if science have any excuse for being, it is because every fact is a sacred bearer of Everlasting Truth. And this that science has realized as the highest truth, the poets do realize as joy and the saints do realize as worship. O my friend, are you one who has seen the sacred beauty in any of its million earth masks? Has your heart leaped glad to meet anywhere

nered up in the world's growth into the Everlasting Better.

They say this is a time of revolution. Strike and mob and threat of anarchy and the idol-breaking sweep of science, make men who love the old ways tremble and despair. But there is nothing for him to fear, who knows that it is always a time of revolution and that the infinite flow is always at rest. What any tomorrow will bring, I cannot guess, except that at bottom it will be the same as today and every yesterday.

And so, when I can remember, I stand calm and full of joy, willing to bear my work while I can, hoping that I may do it so as not to shame God.

LINCOLN

THE best speech about Lincoln is in your memory. If those of you who are old enough should stand and speak one after another, we might have the story of his life in personal remembrances. Some of you have seen him; have heard his voice and touched his hand; and many of you feel that in a deeper sense you knew and shared his life. Some of you were born in a cabin. Some of you helped to cut a way out of the wilderness with an axe. Some of you have studied by the winter firelight, and so, when he first rose among you with a treasury of those firelights in his heart, you knew him for a brother. You lived with him here in the days before the war. For twenty fierce years whose stake was not money, but national unity and human right, you were at his side. You marshalled about him for battle with a fire in your heart that was hotter than the flame of cannon. You marched with him into the valley of death. What you saw there, how should we chil-

dren know? We only know that in the end you stood about him bearing still aloft the flag,—riddled and scorched and stained,—never before so whole and so clean. For a moment you stood about him and then he was taken away.

He was the child of the people. His only college was fellowship with them. The book he studied most was their life. God gave him power to read it deep. He saw there what anyone may see—the rough coat, the uncouth speech, the husk of selfishness. He knew as well as anyone the wolf that is in us all, and how sometimes we hunt together in packs, and how sometimes we tear each other to pieces over the carcass. He knew as well as anyone how we hunger and thirst and sneak and barter our lives away for little messes of pottage. It was part of his genius to see these things better than the crafty little people who see nothing else, and to know better than they how to turn them to account.

sion. But deeper than all surface waves and storms he saw tranquil and deep the great gulf stream of life that bears resistless toward the better forevermore. A child can see the wave. It takes a philosopher to see the ocean current. It takes a greater man—a man we scarce see twice in a thousand years—it takes a statesman to see both, to use both, to make every fleeting wave and every capricious wind and all the tempestuous conflict of superficial forces add all their little strengths to that of the deep undercurrent. We love the child. We honor the philosopher. We follow the statesman. Lincoln was all three.

Because he knew the people's life so well, because he saw so far across its surface, so deep into its underflow, he was a democrat. "Everybody knows more than anybody." "You can fool all of the people part of the time and you can fool part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." "The people will wobble right," he said. That is democracy. It does not mean the banishment of the wise. It means that none are wise to rule

but those who know from within the better mind of the people. It does not mean that we have no need of strong and sagacious leadership. It means that none are strong and none are sagacious but those who stand like the engineer at his throttle allied with a power greater than his own,—allied with that power which in the people and through the people works for righteousness forevermore. It does not mean government by a mob. It means government by men at their best, at the fireside, at the wife's side, looking into the face of God.

Lincoln was such a democrat, and because he was so, he was and is himself the best defense and plea for a government of the people.

Mr. Lowell has said that the final defense of democracy is whether it can produce the best men. It is good that we have so many square miles of ground, so many cities and many mills, so vast a roar of industry and trade announcing always new freedoms from the earth. But all these were miserable defense for a government of the people unless we could show an always nobler people.

Athens, Florence, Jerusalem,—all of them could be lost in a Texas county,—but they have filled the world with light because of their men. Whom have we to show? Have we any man who, in Whitman's phrase, "can walk unashamed with kings . . . walking with even pace with kings the world's round promenade"? To me it seems we have one. It was not given him to put the life of people into song. It was not given him to build a temple and show the people a vision of their faith in stone. God gave him a diviner task. He helped the people see their own best and put it into deed. He called for their best and the soul of the people, half smothered by the lust for money, bewitched by the sorceries of slavery, the soul of the people sprang forth like an archangel to achieve the splendor of a nation purified and a race made free.

And the people loved him. They knew he had faults. But he was so near to everybody. He never grew so great as to become a stranger. Even at the last, when all the heats of life, the gentle and the terrible, had brought forth in him an all-conquering

charity,—even at the last as he was gathered up out of their sight, the people felt that he was not far from any one of them.

And the world loves him. A few years ago I was present in Chicago at the first meeting of the World's Parliament of Religions. Leaders of the faiths of eight hundred millions of people were there. In the opening address great leaders of the past were remembered,—Paul, Luther, Lessing, many more. Presently a name was heard, and that vast strange audience, such as no man in the world ever saw before, burst into a sea of applause that rose and rose again and would not be stilled. It was Lincoln. And there were those who were shaken with sobs to see how he who was our neighbor, our chief, our father, has become for the people of every race, a saint.

EDUCATION THROUGH OCCU- PATIONS

I

YOUNG ladies and gentlemen, your chief interest at present, as I suppose, is in the occupations which you are about to follow. What I have to say falls in line with that interest.

In the outset, I beg to remind you that every important occupation has been made what it is by a guild,—by an ancient guild whose history stretches back in direct or indirect succession to the farthest antiquity. Every such historic guild of artisans, scholars, lawyers, prophets, what not, rose, one may be sure, to meet some deep social necessity. In every generation those necessities were present demanding each the service of its share of the population, demanding each the perpetuation of its guild. And because in the historic arts and crafts and professions mankind has spent in every generation all that it had of drudgery or of genius, it has won in *them* its whole estate. The steel mill, the battleship, the court of

justice, the university—these and the like of them are not accidents, nor miracles of individual invention, nor products of the vague longings and gropings of society in general. They are each the product of a brotherhood, of generations working to meet one social necessity, of an apostolic succession of masters living in the service of one ideal. And so it is these brotherhoods of labor, it is these grim brotherhoods covered with grime and scars, that stand before you today inviting you to initiation.

The fact that an occupation can teach its far-brought wisdom to the men of each generation makes civilization and progress possible. But this on one condition, that many of the people and some of the best of them shall be able to make that occupation their life business.

The law is not in a country when you have imported Blackstone's Commentaries and the Statutes of Parliament. The law is in a country in the persons of such lawyers as are there. It is there in John Marshall.

Religion is not in a country because we have built a church and furnished it with

cushions to sleep on once a week. It is there in Bishop Brooks and Mr. Moody and the Salvation Army.

The steel business is not in Pittsburgh in an industrial museum where the public may gad about on holidays. It is there in the men who earn their living by knowing a little better each year how to make armor-plate.

All this ought to be a matter of course. But there are many who think that science and art can be made to serve us at a cheaper price, that these stern guilds will give up their secret treasures in extension lectures and chautauqua clubs and twenty minutes a week in the public schools. History will show, I think, that this is not true, that no art and no sort of learning was ever vitally present among a people unless it was there as a living occupation.

Learning has come to us in this sense only within the last quarter-century. We were busy at other things before that. Our fathers were doing—as every people must—what they had to do. They had to live, to establish a government, and to maintain

their fundamental faiths. They bent themselves to these tasks with the energy of our breed. And the tasks have shaped our national history and character. They gave us the Declaration of Independence and the American farmer who takes for granted that its principles are true. They gave us Chicago, the Amazon who stands yonder with *I will* written upon her shield and a throng of men who are fit to serve her will. They gave us a Civil War,—men who could fight it and afterwards live together in peace. They gave us industry, law, democracy. But not science, not art. These were not wholly absent, but they were guests. They were here in the persons of a few men who in spite of all difficulties did work at them as a life business.

In this far western village, for example, we had two men who brought here the old English classical learning, two who more than fifty years ago had been trained in the universities of Europe, and one whom the radical instinct which set science going in the first place, called from a village academy into membership in the international guild

of scholars. What these men did for sound learning and what they did through their pupils to uplift every occupation in the State, it is wholly beyond our power to measure. But one thing they could not do. They could not furnish to society more men who should devote themselves to learning than society would furnish a living for. And the bare fact is that there was a living for a very few such men in America in the days before the war. Within the past quarter-century there has been a change in this respect so great that none fails to see it. The millions that we have spent upon universities and high schools, the vast plant of buildings and libraries and laboratories, fill the public eye with amazement. But all this is the husk of what has happened. The real thing is that these millions, this vast plant, these thousands of *positions* demanding trained men, have brought to life upon this ground the guild of scholars. We do not need any more to exhort men to become scholars. The spirit which was in Thales and Copernicus, in Agassiz and Kirkwood, calls to the Hoosier farmboy in its own

voice, and shows him a clear path by which, if he is fit, he may join their great company.

And, if I am not mistaken, Art, which has also been a guest, is ready at last to become a citizen. Why should it not? What is lacking? Yonder are the works of art and the men who know. Here are the youths some share of whom must by right belong to the service of Art. And here are the millions which go to support men in every molehole of scientific research and other millions spent stupidly and wantonly for whatever the shopkeepers tell us is beautiful. We could not create these potential forces that make for art. But if it is true that they are here, we can organize them, as David Starr Jordan and the like of him less than twenty years ago organized the forces that make for science. We can make a path through the school and the university along which all the children of the State may go as far as they will and along which those who are fit may enter the artist's life.

"The mission of society," says Geddes, "is to bring to bloom as many sorts of

genius as possible." And this it can do only when each sort of genius has the chance to choose freely its own life occupation.

Here, as I think, is the program for our educational system,—to make plain highways from every corner of the State to every occupation which history has proved good.

II

However, as matters actually stand at present, it is your good fortune to have a wide range of occupations among which to choose.

It is no light matter to make the choice. It is to elect your physical and social environment. It is to choose where you will work,—in a scholar's cloister, on a farm, or in the cliffs of a city street. It is to choose your comrades and rivals. It is to choose what you will attend to, what you will try for, whom you will follow. In a word, it is to elect for life, for better or worse, some one part of the whole social heritage. These influences will not touch you lightly. They will compass you with subtle compulsions. They will fashion your clothes and looks

and carriage, the cunning of your hands, the texture of your speech, and the temper of your will. And if you are wholly willing and wholly fit, they can work upon you this miracle: they can carry you swiftly in the course of your single life to levels of wisdom and skill in one sort, which it has cost the whole history of your guild to win.

But there is, of course, no magic in merely choosing an occupation. If you do nothing to an occupation but choose it, it can do nothing at all to you. If you are an incorrigible lover of holidays, so that the arrival of a working-day makes you sick, if every task thrust into your hands grows intolerable, if every calling, as soon as you have touched its drudgery, grows hateful—that is to have the soul of a tramp. It is to be stricken with incurable poverty. You turn your back upon every company of men where anything worth while is to be done. You shut out of yourself every wisdom and skill which civilized work develops in a man. And you grow not empty but full, choked with evil life. Wretched are they that hunger and thirst after nothing good,

for they also shall be filled. Herein is democracy, that whether you are a beggar's son or the son of Croesus you cannot escape from yourself,—you cannot bribe or frighten yourself into being anything else than what your own hungers and thirsts have made you.

It is somewhat better but far from well enough if you enter many occupations, but stay in none long enough to receive thorough apprenticeship.

It is so ordered that it is easy for most of us to make a fair beginning at almost anything. In the rough and tumble of babyhood and youth we all accumulate experiences which are raw material for any and every occupation. So when one of them kindles in you a light blaze of curiosity, you have only to pull yourself together, you have only to mobilize your forces, and you are presently enjoying little successes that surprise and delight you and that may give you the illusion of mastery.

Doubtless the World Soul knows his own affairs in ordering this so. For one thing, the easy initial victories are fine baits,

lures, by which youths are caught and drawn into serious apprenticeship. For another thing, the influence of each occupation upon society in general must be exercised largely through men who carry some intelligence of it into other occupations.

But if a man flits from one curiosity to another, if for fear of being narrow and with the hope of being broad, he forsakes every occupation before it can set its seal upon him, if he is through and through dilettante, jack-of-all-trades, he is a man only less poverty-stricken than a tramp. He has the illusion of efficiency. He wonders that society generally judges that he is not worth his salt, that on every battlefield Hotspur curses him for a popinjay, that in every company of master workmen met for council he is at most a tolerated guest. The judgment upon him,—not my judgment, but the judgment which the days thrust in his face is this,—that when there is important work to be done he cannot do it. He is full of versatility. He knows the alphabet of everything,—chemistry, engineering, business, law, what not. But with

all these he cannot bridge the Mississippi. He cannot make the steel for the bridge, nor calculate the strength of it, nor find the money to build it, nor defend its interests in court. These tasks fall to men whom twenty years' service in their several callings have taught to speak for society at its best. And while their work goes on its way, the brilliant man who refused every sort of thorough training which society could give him, can only stand full of wonder and anger that with all his versatilities he is left to choose between the drudgery of unskilled labor and mere starvation.

There is another sort of man who will learn little in any occupation because he is wholly bent upon being original. The past is all wrong, full of errors, absurdities, iniquities. To serve apprenticeship is to indoctrinate one's self with pernicious orthodoxies. We must rebel. We must begin at the beginning. We must do something entirely new and revolutionary. We must rely upon our free souls to see and to do the right, as it has never been seen or done before. Some such declaration of inde-

pendence, some such combination of hopeless pessimism about all that has been done, with confident optimism about what is just to be done, one finds in men of every art, craft, and calling. We are to have perpetual motion. We are to square the circle. We are to abandon our present political and religious and educational institutions and get new and perfect ones. Above all, the children must grow up free from the whole array of social orthodoxies. We are to escape from the whole wretched blundering past and by one bold march enter a new Garden of Eden.

There is something inspiring in this, something that stirs the youth like a bugle, and something, as I believe, that is essential in every generation for the purification of society. The past is as bad as anybody says it is, woven full of inconsistency and iniquity. We *must* escape it. We *must* fight it. And it is no doubt inevitable that there should be some who think that they owe it nothing but war.

And yet, for my part, I am convinced that this is a fatally one-sided view of things.

Is there in existence one great work of any sort which owes nothing to the historic guild which does that sort of work? Is there one great man in history who gave to the future without getting anything from the past? The bare scientific fact is that no man escapes the tuition of society. The crank does not escape. The freak does not escape. They miss the highest traditions of society only to become victims of lower traditions. Whether such a man have genius or the illusion of genius, it is his tragic fate to have the best that he can do lie far below the best that society already possesses.

If one will see what genius without adequate instruction comes to, let him look at the case of the mathematical prodigy, Arthur Griffith. There is what no one would refuse to call genius. There is originality, spontaneity, insatiable interest, unceasing labor. And the result? A marvelous skill for which society has almost no use, and a knowledge of the science of arithmetic which is two hundred years behind that of the high school graduate.

III

But now that we have told off these three classes who will not learn what society has to teach, we have happily left most of mankind, certainly, I trust, most of you who have submitted to the instruction of society thus far. And it is you who are willing to work and eager for the best instruction that society can give, whom the question of occupations especially concerns.

And here I beg to have you discriminate between the work to which one gives his attention and the great swarm of activities physical and mental which are always going on in the background.

A boy who is driving nails into a fence has for the immediate task of his eyes and hands the hitting of a certain nail on the head. Meanwhile, the rest of the boy's body and soul may be full of rebellion and longing to be done with the fence on any terms and away at the fishing. Or instead of that the whole boy may be full of pride in what he has done and of resolution to drive the last nail as true as the first. Which of these two things is the more important—the task

in the foreground or the disposition in the background—I do not know. They cannot be separated. They are both present in every waking hour, weaving together the threads of fate.

A man's life is not wholly fortunate unless all that is within him rises gladly to join in the work that he has to do.

It is, however, unhappily true that many good and useful men are forced by circumstances to work at one thing, while their hearts are tugging to be at something else. They have not chosen their tasks. They have been driven by necessity. There must be bread. There are the wife and the children. There is no escape. It is up with the sun. It is bearing the burden and heat of the day. It is intolerable weariness. It is worse than that. It is tramping round and round in the same hated steps until you cannot do anything else. You cannot think of anything else. They sound in your dreams—those treadmill steps arousing echoes of bitterness and rebellion. You cannot escape from yourself. You cannot take a vacation. You may grow rich and

travel far and spend desperately, but the baleful music will follow you to the end, the music of the work you did in hate. This is the tragedy of drudgery, not that you spend your time and strength at it, but that you lose yourself in it.

But at the worst this man is no such poverty-stricken soul as the crank, the tramp, or the jack-of-all-trades. If his occupation was worth while, those hated habits are far from deserving hate. If they are habits by which a man may live, by which one may give a service that other men need and will pay for, their value is certified from the sternest laboratory. The drudge has a right to respect himself. He has the right to the respect of other men and I give mine without reserve. I say that he who holds himself grimly for life to a useful commonplace work which he hates, is heroic. It is easy to be heroic on horseback. To be heroic on foot in the dust, lost in the crowd, with no applause,—that is the heroism which has borne up and carried forward most of the work of civilization.

IV

We honor the drudge, but deplore his fate. And yet there are many who believe that there is in fact no other fate for any man; that every business is in the long run a belittling business; that whether you are a hodcarrier or a poet, as you go on in your calling, "shades of the prison-house will close upon you and custom lie upon you heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

Let us look at this deep pessimism at its darkest. The imperfect, that is everywhere. That is all that you can see or work at. That is the warp and woof of all your occupations and institutions, your politics, your science, your religion. They are all nearly as bad as they are good. Your science has forever to disown its past. Your politics demands that you shall be *particeps criminis* in its evil as the price of a position in which you can exert any influence. Your historic church is almost as full of Satan as of Christ. And when you have spent your bit of life in any of these institutions or occupations, they are not perfect as you had hoped.

You emancipate the slaves and the negro question still looks you in the face. You invent printing and then must say with Browning's Fust, "Have I brought man advantage or hatched so to speak a strange serpent?"

You establish a new brotherhood for the love of Christ, and presently they are quarreling which shall be chief or perhaps haling men to prison in the name of Him who came to let the oppressed go free.

And you, yourself, for reward will be filled with the Everlasting Imperfect which your eyes have seen and your hands have handled.

The essential tragedy of life, according to this deep pessimism, is not in pain and defeat, but in the emptiness and vanity of all that we call victory.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

V

I suppose that every man's faith is the outgrowth of his disposition, and mine

makes me believe that the truth embraces all the blackest of this pessimism and also the victory over it. I admit and declare that our case is as bad as anybody has found it to be. In a generation which soothes itself with the assurance that there is no hell, I am one who fears that its fire is leaping through every artery of society.

And yet I have never a doubt that there is a spirit which may lead a man through any calling always into more of the life and freedom of the Kingdom of God.

For one thing, it is necessary that your calling at its best, the best that it has done, the best that it may do, should lay before you a program of tasks, the first of them lying definitely before you and within your power, the others stretching away into all that a man can do in that sort. This is no treadmill. This is a ladder, resting on the ground, stretching toward heaven.

For another thing, you must delight in your work. Your heart and body must be in it and not tugging to be away at something else. You do not then deal out to each bit of work its stingy bit of your attention.

You delight in the thing. You hover and brood over it like a lover and lavish upon it the wealth of uncounted hours.

The sure consequence is that you are not doing the same things over and over and grooving the same habits deeper and deeper. Habits cannot stand in this heat. They fuse and flow together. They are no longer chains. They are wings. They lift you up and bear you swiftly and joyfully forward.

This is indeed the life of joy. You have the joy of efficiency. You have the joy of doing the best you had hoped to do. And it may be that once and again you will be set shaking with delight because something within you has turned out a better bit of work than you had thought possible.

And if, besides all this, the background of feeling and will in you is wholly right; if, by the grace of God, you have learned to work in delicate veracity stern against

what is this but entrance here and now into the Kingdom of God?

And if this crowning grace comes to you, as it may in any calling,—it came to Uncle Tom,—you will not, I think, believe that all your hands have wrought is vanity. You will not believe that the Logos who has called our race out of the earth to behold and share in his creation is a dream, a mockery of our despair, as we make the last useless turns about the dying sun. But you will see that He knew the truth of things who said:

My Father worketh hitherto and I work. The works that I do shall ye do also and greater works than these shall ye do because I go to the Father.

FAITH IN EDUCATION

Inaugural Address, January 21, 1903

I WISH to speak for a very few minutes of that faith of the people in education of which this University is one product.

The faith of a people, says Professor Tarde, the real faith, which determines what they want and work at and achieve, is indicated by their most important building—pyramid, temple, fortress, what not. And the building which shows what we believe in most, he says, is the railway depot. This is a witty expression of the fear that no faith has any longer a deep and general hold upon our society except the faith in money. In other times, it is said, in the days of Moses, of Pericles, of Washington, noble passions touched the people and made them forget everything else in their service. But now, it is said, the great historic ideals and faiths are dying. Art, religion, learning, morality—each is indeed cherished by a faithful remnant. But society, it is said,

in its passion for money, forgets them all and the few who have not forgotten must presently choose between social exile and standing as lackeys in the courts of the rich.

This is the indictment of our age and especially of our country. If it is true, we should know it. We should face the fact. And then each of us could choose for himself whether to make terms with a life which is not worth living or to flee like Elijah to Horeb where the still, small voice shall promise some far-off victory of the Spirit.

But this indictment is not true, or rather it is only a fragment of the truth. Let us recall a wider circle of facts which should be commonplace but which are often forgotten. In general, we should not forget that all men of all times are in many essential ways alike. We share with all the fundamental instincts and many of the habits good and bad which grow out of them.

Hunger, for example, and kindred instincts are of course common to all. In most men they give rise to the desire for wealth, with its comfort, luxury, and power. In

many men they give rise to that passion for wealth which the Bible declares to be the root of all evil. And finally, in all the dominant races those instincts give rise to habits of economy, industry, and thrift, and to industrial institutions,—which habits and institutions together lay the foundation for all the higher forms of civilization. In all those particulars, good and bad, we differ from our ancestors of the earliest and historic time less than we are like them. For the strenuous life was here before its first historian.

Moreover, we share with men generally a great number of so-called *higher* instincts. Curiosity, for example, which shows itself in animals, babies, and savages, in the village gossip, in the daily newspaper, but which shows itself also in the insatiable interest of theology, philosophy, and science to know everything in the universe, utterly regardless of its practical utility. Or again the play instinct, which appears in all the higher animals, and which is universal among children, youth, and indeed among men, partly training them for their life

work, partly keeping them young and plastic in spite of their life work, and which blooms out at last into the high and noble forms which we call art. For art, as Schiller and many since his time have shown us, is simply the highest of human plays. Or finally there is fear, almost universal among animals and men in its lower forms, but rising and refining through innumerable stages into a sense of the sublime and the holy.

These higher instincts and their higher manifestation in science, art, and religion are indestructible as hunger. When we cry out in panic that these higher hungers are about to be stifled and to perish, and when we hurry together for a last desperate struggle in their defense, we should be quieted by learning where their true defense lies. It is not simply in the surface resolution of a few men who are called good, but also in the constitution of all men. It is in the Prodigal who flees from his home to feed with swine but who can never be satisfied with husks,—because he is the son of his father. It is written that man doth not live

by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

I would say then that our people are like every other in the possession of certain instincts and habits, lower and higher; but I would then go on to say that, rising out of these, we have developed along with much other good and evil two salient characteristics. One of them is that strenuous practicality with which all the world gives us credit. The other is less obvious, is often overlooked, often denied, but has always quite surely been here, fighting with or fighting against practical interests,—in either case always effective and never more so than at present. This characteristic is devotion to ideals which lie quite above the world of money.

Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, in his farewell address as ambassador to Germany last October [1902], says that it is a fact not sufficiently recognized that "the people of the United States, while on a superficial view the most materialistic of nations, are at the same time among those most powerfully swayed by

materialistic considerations. . . . This sentiment was not a mere sudden flash of anger. It was a conviction and a devotion as real and as permanent as that which seized Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. This it was which against all disappointments and defeats kept up the courage and the energy of the loyal part of the Union during the four terrible years which led to the triumph of nationality and the destruction of slavery."

There is another illustration to which President White alludes and which no one has more right than he to cite in proof of the alliance in our people between practical sense and higher faith, and that is the attitude of the people toward education.

The sober truth is that the faith in education is the dominant faith of our time. It pervades our society with a compelling power like that which sent Christendom again and again upon crusades for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. It has taken possession of the rich,—the very men who are said to have made this the age of money,—Johns Hopkins, Clark, Stanford,

Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour,—men who were for the most part poor and without liberal education, but who have faced the commercial situation of our time and in one way or another wrested from it great fortunes,—these men come bringing their surplus millions to the service of education.

It is a significant fact that these hard-headed men have thought it practical to give their money not solely or even mainly to foster strictly money-making occupations, but also for fine art, for research in pure science, and for the study of the ancient classics. The common sense of giving, as these men see, is to give so that men shall be set to work. And the statesmanship of giving is to give so that men everywhere shall be set to work at what they can do best. The individual motives of these men doubtless vary widely, but one and all they are caught up by the power of a social faith which is wiser and stronger than any man.

There is yet stronger proof of the dominance of this faith in the conversion to it of the whole people. They have no surplus millions. Their strength must go to provide

the necessities of life. But it is a fact which heartens us when we think of the history of our race, that most people are willing to sacrifice material necessities to a spiritual one if they believe in it. The people of Athens in the days of Pericles lived in mean houses and covered the Acropolis with temples. They did not do this as a luxury, but because they believed that the protection of the gods, and especially of their patron goddess of wisdom, was as necessary to the city as its walls.

In that sense and in that measure our people have come to believe in education. And the building which represents our strongest faith is not the railway depot, but the schoolhouse. This campus is an Acropolis. And the people know that they have here a defense that is stronger than a battleship.

This is no idle figure of speech. The meaning of democracy is opportunity,—not the opportunity for every Jack Cade to become king, but the opportunity for every Jack Cade to enter as far as he can and will into all that belongs to a man,—it may be at last

